



Our Partners

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Our Partners by Tortellini

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Genre: Awkward Dates, Based on a Tumblr Post, Best Friends, Beverly Marsh & Richie Tozier Are Best Friends, Childhood Friends, Crack, Crack Treated Seriously, Cute, Dare, Dating, Domestic Fluff, Double Dating, Drinking, Epic Friendship, F/M, Fluff, Fluff and Crack, Fluff and Humor, Fluffy Ending, Friends to Lovers, Friendship, Friendship/Love, Hot Tub, Humor, Inspired By Tumblr, M/M, Male Friendship, Male-Female Friendship, Minor Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh, Minor Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Romantic Fluff, Romantic Friendship, Summer, Summer Love, Summer Romance, Tooth-Rotting Fluff, Underage Drinking, Wordcount: 100-500

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Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier, Stanley Urís

Relationships: Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

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Summary:

Ben and Eddie are the mature ones in their respective relationships. Surprisingly, Stan is not that good of an influence either, no matter how innocent he acts. The gang has some fun in the summer.

Oneshot/drabble

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The fact that the only two truly sane members of their group of friends, Bill and Mike, weren't there should've been the cue to worry. Now Ben liked to think of himself as pretty mature, and so was Eddie, but Bev and Richie were completely wild and Stan egged them on (though he'd always deny it if asked, of course). It was summer, so they were all allowed to have fun, but still. This was a recipe for disaster.

All in all Ben was having a good time. He was happy and confident with his friends, and didn't worry about wearing a shirt out on the chairs like everyone else. Next to him Eddie had made sure to slather sunscreen on anyone who came close enough for him to reach. Some of his tendencies had still stayed with him, and that was okay. He had gotten Ben, and was currently working on his legs; goofy sunglasses were perched on his nose.

"So I've got my partner," Ben was saying. They were gonna do cannon balls or something. He pointed to Bev.

Behind them, she was chugging a thing of vodka. God, he loved her.

"Where's Richie?" Ben finished then.

Eddie sighed. He almost didn't want to look around for his boyfriend. Knowing him he was probably doing something that would end badly.

"...I think he's in hot tub with Stan," Eddie said finally, not looking. Ben turned and squinted to make sure though.

Sure enough, Richie was there. Stan was there with him--five feet apart because they're bros and they're not gay. Not gay with each other, at least. Ahem. Anyway, if Ben strained his ears, he could just make out what they were saying...

"...do you dare me to stick my wiener in the hot tub jet?" Richie asked. Next to Ben Eddie's eyes shot open. Oh god he really was an idiot--

"...I do," said Stan.

Gee, thanks. Luckily the jet was just where the bubbles came out and not anything actually dangerous, but still.